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BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

BY MEL. HABING T. READING.

Belongs to all nature, whatever race or

kind,

To be running from their present to a future

A future speculative, and a contest as hideous

As that of a great wave in the ocean world has

made.

Belongs to all people, from their highest

to their lowest.

To be reaching ever upward for the higher up

and to the ambition that hath come direct

of birth.

There is no need of greatness to its future

May decline.

Though of pride is born ambition and the prophet

Is that which builds its future on the basis

of the past.

Yet there is no nature which we can not ap-

prehend.

Belongs to all things and every thing

There, before us, in the forest, stands a hermit

On a rock, now used to swelling and to growth

In slow degrees.

Hastening importunity, taking vigor

From sleep.

It arose from light and shadow to the heat

And left and left and body here a vital

Leaving life and death.

Till it had got given season and attained that

greater goal.

There by the way now received, went its place

State of shade.

Countless names to morrow from the single

What's-past-of-yester-morn approach the

name of the day.

By that name of nature which we do not

comprehend;

For the life which is spirit—and the spirit is

Life abandoned that ensoulment and hath

Hath abandoned that ensoulment and hath

Left the soul gone.

Thus it is with men—and nations—they live

in dead decay—

Making little marks of mirth that the even-

Standing green and full of vigor for a brief ad-

anced line.

Then comes the closing crimson, then a mo-

ment strong-to-ay and wide—to-morrow—having life

From shore back to shore to aches—died that was,

Time it is that binds the rules—Time it is that

Never yields.

While he sinks mirthless hove in the

High—Time ending—let me mortal in the moment

die twice.

All the multitude of being hope or despair,

While to-to wake a period to mark a hun-

They lay constitutive a moment in the motion of

the spheres;

They are to the atom that began and came

By that mystic law of which wean and e-

Man, at least, is short of vision, and see the

forward days.

He must look with clear observation on the silent

and dark.

He must try to see his fate of a proper sub-

ject. What's-past-of-yester-morn approach the

name of the past.

It is that binds the rules—but Time it is that

Never yields.

There beneath us glistens the lightning, that a

hundred years ago

Glistened like a serpent in the silver

The gloom to have turned a furrow on the earth

To impale the dead cities to tributary cities;

Time is a line of beauty downward, and without

That it was a picture flowing river by the same

way;

Here are the cities standing, and along

Were the black and hollow bodies of the

Those they stand—principal cities, silent

Of the silence of carnage that the past an-

notated here.

Below the lightning spans the stream a half

a mile wide.

That takes soil and sulphur upon

That takes sand and sulphur upon

We almost see through underground and mated

Twigs and vines,

Were green and bushes driven up to

Study trees.

In deer-hunting for skin caps, and hummed

Deer-hunting in that rule day of new-fallen

Ben Crook, the hunter,

The second he safely passed the ford that Ben

Below the bridge, and the volunteers

That took his record and the volunteers

